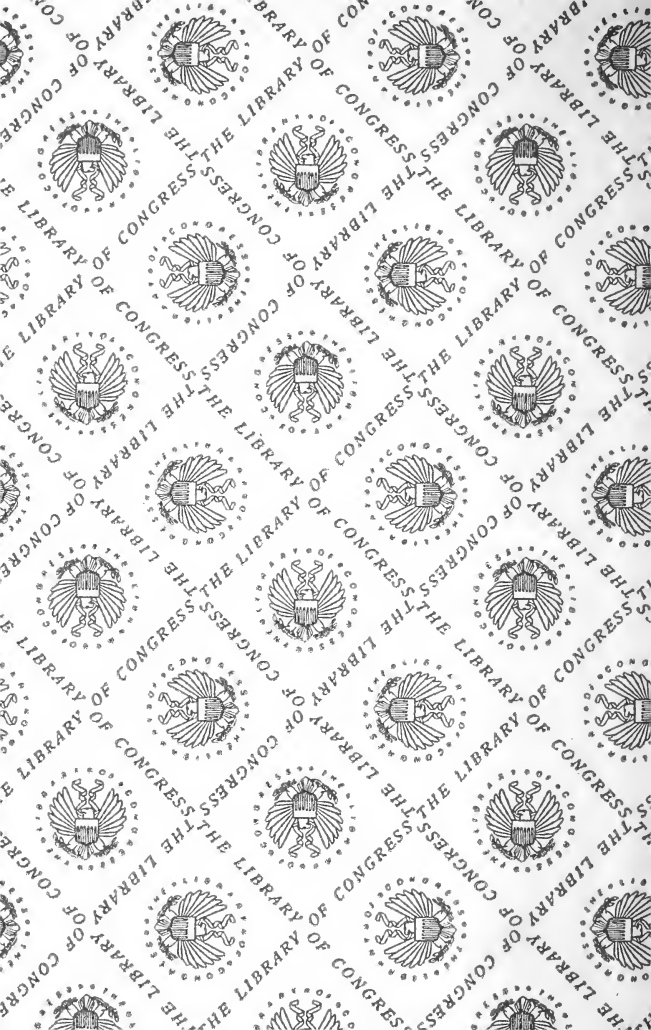


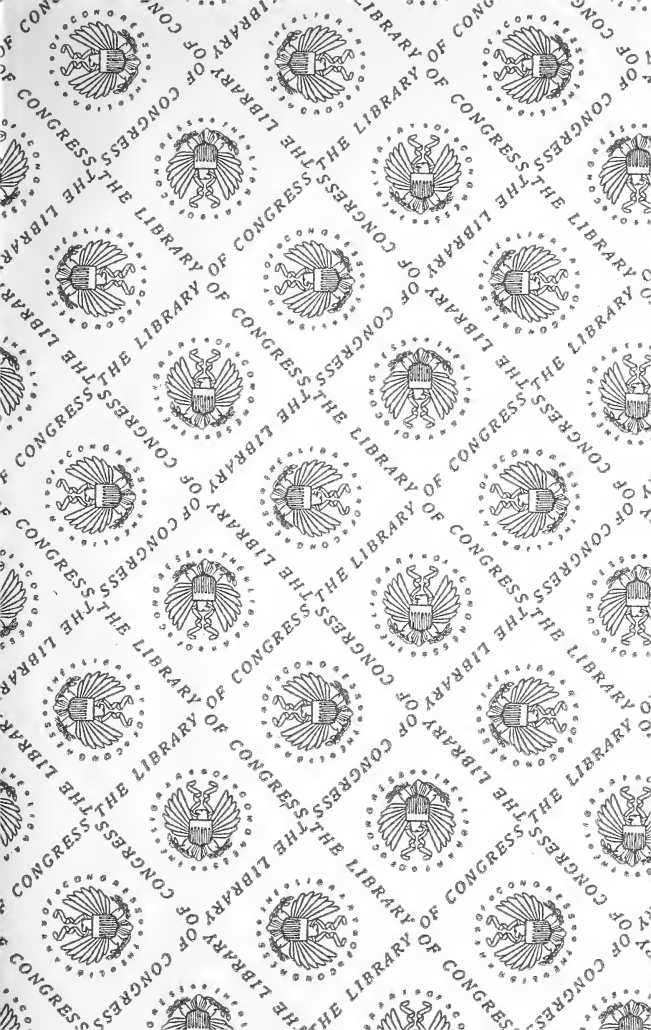
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IN THE RED YEARS





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# IN THE RED YEARS

## *A Book of Verse*

BY

GERVÉ BARONTI ✓  
"



BOSTON

THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY

1917

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IN THE RED YEARS





## THE RED LAUGH

Arch friend of all dark worlds that be  
Whose poisoned breath blows scorching o'er  
Fair lands of late prosperity  
Deep irrigated now with gore.

You call our strong, who hear the cry,  
And join your wretched, bloody play.  
A grimy rag you wave on high  
And madly lead them on the way.

Their hearts are closed, their reason gone,  
Through reddened mist they cannot see;  
They groping, stumble wildly on  
Engaged in vile absurdity.

You call the game, each takes his stand,  
The prizes differ with your mood.  
Some drag a leg, an arm, a hand  
Of modeled wax or clever wood.

Move follows move, one side must flee,  
With blood-drunk lust its losses tell;  
Your mocking laugh is raised in glee,  
The sound reverberates in hell!

## CHAINS — —

The metallic dirge  
Strikes on the ear of night  
Soul-paralyzing!  
Dreaded, mysterious, demon-wrought!  
Clank clank clank  
Rattle rattle rattle  
It slides and slips  
Thump thump thump  
The accompaniment of the iron ball.  
The hell-forged iron ball.  
Clank clank clank  
On goes the weird air,  
Rattle rattle rattle—  
Pause drag drag— —  
Drag fainter, fainter—  
Rattle rattle rattle  
Pause.  
Hollow monotonous—  
Dying away, away—  
Fainter fainter  
Drag, pause  
Ceasing  
Rattle again, rattle—rattle  
Clank clank  
Drag

Rattle—  
Pause—  
Rattle—  
Throughout the night.

It will cease with the dawn—  
The clanking—  
The dragging—  
The chainy death rattle—  
The metallic death rattle—  
For it is a dirge of the night,  
The night that is long.

Dawn will bring peace, rest, liberation—  
But the dawn is not yet—  
Not yet—

## WORSHIPPERS

Stone upon stone  
Forms the edifice.  
Imprisoned here and there  
Between the stones  
Are patches of color.

Fools! You can't catch the soul-stuff  
Of the red, green and violet  
That glowed at you first  
Across the dull nothingness.

Inside the edifice  
The husks are waiting.  
The husks with the dead interiors,  
Waiting for the one husk  
That is placed before a ribbed object  
To evoke its turbulent life  
And disturb the calm.

What sounds does it hold,  
The ribbed object,  
Under its bone-dry ribs?  
Does it hold a sound of joy,  
Of love, of mirth, of pity, of fury,  
Of anything that is outside the edifice?

Does it hold the sound  
Of the flowers bursting into life?  
Does it hold the sound  
Of the trees rocking the birds to sleep?  
Does it hold the sound  
Of the forest king's warning to all lesser life?  
Does it hold the sound  
Of the winter ocean striking the wall of the  
ice-berg?

Does it hold any sound that is real,  
Any sound that is a natural sound?  
Does it hold one note of truth?  
No:—Truth is outside the edifice—  
Where the husks should be!

One husk is standing  
Facing the others  
With its arms extended.  
Listen: with its mechanical voice  
It is consecrating all the other husks  
To God.

## TO THE IDEALIST

Oh, You who peace and love extol,  
Know you the complex wilful soul!

The fight to make red hate expire,  
The wish to throttle mean desire,  
The greed that comes from love of wealth,  
The chase of pleasures marring health,  
The lust that oft desires to kill,  
The leash too weak to rein in will,  
The voice that heralds others' shame,  
The trick to tarnish a fair name,  
The days that haply take the best,  
The nights that laugh at day's behest,  
The hours when life seems fashioned good,  
The moments jeering at this mood,  
The hope that when these storms are past  
The clear white light will shine at last.

## HOW I LOVE—

The wild deep-furrowed face of nature  
When her expression is tempestuous and severe,  
The wind blowing in high places,  
The mad in-rushing dash of the sea  
When it leaps to fiercely embrace the shore,  
The cold salty spray that strikes my face like a whip,  
The startled scream of the wild birds,  
The snarling growl of the animals—my brothers,  
The hot white heat of the noon sun,  
The dark jewelled sky of midnight,  
The free defiant laughing cataract,  
The great first places that man has not spoiled,  
The fresh-scented earth upturned by the plough,  
The oozy slimy mud in the bed of the brook,  
The crawling squirming creatures who inhabit it,

The City at night when every one is sleeping,  
The pæan of the rain outside my window,  
The men who dare to be honest with women,  
The men with the gift of silence,  
All who have learned the great lesson of tolerance,  
Virtue that carries no placard,  
Vice that is stalwart, courageous, and ambitious,  
All these I love.

And I hate  
The coward who links arms with regret,  
The weakling who leans on atonement,  
The weak-kneed charity of the ultra-respectable,  
The sterilized vice of the hypocrite,  
All who obey too easily.



## THE COWARD

I cannot follow where you lead,  
O man of science deep ;  
At your cold feast I dare not feed,  
Because I wish to keep  
The thought of God.

I cannot list your pregnant speech,  
Your arguments profound,  
The proven facts you hope to teach,  
For to my soul is bound  
The fear of God.

I cannot glance your written page  
So radical and bold,  
These arts you've used in every age ;  
Still in my heart I hold  
The love of God.

## ECHOES

I see a field of golden rye  
As the red sun forsakes the sky.  
The fruited heads upon their stem  
Nod as the wind blows over them.

Southward, and to the right, is seen,  
Beyond that stretch of waving green,  
The empty house of ancient style,  
Of mouldering brick and rain-washed tile.

Beneath its vines of rank decay,  
Its rust-gnawn shutters fall away.  
Old house, I worship you again.  
You were my haunted castle—then.

Inside, but not for children's sight,  
The fairy queen once came at night.  
She brought with her a merry band  
Of all good fairies in the land.  
Throughout the night they'd dance and sing  
To instrument like violin.  
To bed we'd go to wake at dawn  
And watch them leave in early morn.  
But strange, they always stole away  
And never came to dance by day.

This olive shade I cannot pass,  
'Twas here I loitered in the grass  
And gazed intently at the blue  
And wondered long if God were true,  
And if one angel from the crowd  
Might fly quite low beneath a cloud.

Yon crescent-shapèd, lazy sea,  
To think of all you meant to me!  
Far down beneath your depths so green  
The mermaid's crystal home was seen.  
In cradle shells all pearly lined  
The lovely mermaid babes reclined.  
If one could dive down very deep,  
Into the palace he might creep.  
At night the sea would gently moan  
With echoes from that hidden home,  
And on the beach the goat-bells toll,  
Timed with the fisher's barcarolle.

And now I gaze familiarly  
On this fair land and placid sea,  
Whose beauty is enhanced; and yet,  
Somehow I see them with regret.

### THREE AMULETS

And a tale is told by the desert men  
Of a certain Sheik who came once again,  
    With luminous eyes and bold,  
How he brought the gift, one amulet more,  
And away to his desert home he bore  
    The creature of white and gold.

She sat gazing out on the burning sand,  
And dreamed of a Sheik in that pagan land,  
    Who'd call at the edge of the night,  
With his final gift, an amulet rare,  
And asked for the maid with the sunny hair  
    Whom he meant to purchase right.

Two gifts he had left with never a word  
And if she accepted—then with the third  
    He would claim the maiden's hand;  
And bear her away to his tribal place  
As chief of his wives for a certain space  
    In that languid, sun-washed land.

The tale is as old as the desert clan:  
How the wooing is done by the Arab man  
    When he offers gifts, just three,

In silence: and then with a haughty mien  
He later returns to take his queen  
With the tribe formality.

She looked at the amulets—Horus' eyes,  
And she thought of her child's brief paradise  
With those other eyes of fire.  
She thought of her home, of her early life,  
The struggles and cares and maddening strife,  
And then of her heart's desire—

She thought of that step with compelling fate  
Just off to the left of the path that's straight,  
Taken blindly long ago.  
Life's flame had smouldered and flickered since then  
With each futile attempt to place again  
New hopes on its fading glow.

And she thought of a home beyond the sea  
Far from expressions of sympathy  
That accused, while proff'ring cheer.  
For friends who would welcome, and never know  
That an aching soul was transplanted to grow  
Away from a constant fear.

The shadows were lengthening along the sand  
That prelude the night in that mystic land,  
The west was a crimson flame—  
When out of the twilight as twice before  
In dusty haste to her flower-trimmed door  
A lone Arab rider came.

And the tale is told by the desert men  
Of a certain Sheik who came once again,  
    With luminous eyes and bold,  
How he brought the gift, one amulet more,  
And away to his desert home he bore  
    The creature of white and gold.

## THE SEARCHER

The old man knelt on the sand  
Before a pile of debris  
At which he clawed with wasted fingers.  
He was bent with the sorrows of many winters.  
On his wrists were the marks  
Left by the old manacles.  
But in his eyes shone the light of emancipation.  
He was very old—this searcher.  
Diligently and faithfully,  
He removed piece after piece,  
From the pile of debris.  
He examined each piece  
Before tossing it aside.

When the last piece  
Had been removed from the pile,  
His eager eyes sought the sand beneath  
Which he pushed restlessly from side to side.  
Then taking into his hands  
Portions of the sand,  
He watched it slip through his fingers,  
And return to the pile.

Long hours he kept to his task,  
For he knew that he would find them—  
The gems he sought.  
Others had passed the pile of debris,

And had kicked it gently, very gently,  
With the slight force  
That does not loosen—  
They had not stooped to examine,  
For into their eyes had not yet come  
The light of emancipation.  
From their hands had not yet fallen  
The manacles.  
The old searcher thought of the others,  
As he watched the sand  
Slip through his fingers.  
And he laughed sadly;  
And the sound was like the wind  
Blowing through hollow caves.

The twilight was creeping up behind him  
Slowly; with noiseless tread,  
Soon it would be too dark  
To search in the sand.

Then presently he felt the rough edges  
Of that which he sought,  
And knew it was a jewel.  
There must be other jewels,  
But it was now very dark,  
And he must wait for the light  
Of another day.  
Slowly and stiffly he rose  
From his kneeling posture.  
He glanced at the pieces of débris



Which he had thrown to one side  
As he uncovered the sand beneath  
Where the treasure was hidden.

The others would pass in the morning,  
Would they see—dared he hope?  
If only they would see—the others.  
But into their eyes  
Had not yet come  
The light of emancipation.  
From their hands had not yet fallen,  
The manacles.

He laughed again,  
That old hollow, broken laugh.  
A laugh that was the wailing echo  
Of all the misery in the world—  
A laugh far sadder than any tears—  
Tears might fall later—perhaps  
The bruised pearls of a benediction.  
Darkness was all about him.  
He turned and walked away  
From the scattered debris  
That made ghostly pictures  
In the gathering shadows.  
On he walked, thinking always of the others.  
On past the old swamp  
Where grew the beautiful purple lilies,  
That carried their roots far down  
Into the dark damp earth.

TO A. C. S.

Oh thine eyes that saw the beauties,  
In the regions, where the soul,  
Flashing through the nights of darkness  
Found the daybreak of the whole!

Oh thine ears so loved by nature,  
That her poignant hands did seek,  
Soft to brush with magic fingers,  
Till they heard the flowers speak.

Oh thy lips that meekly opened  
For thy hidden song to flee  
And enrich the world forever,  
As it voiced the Christ in thee!

## THE STORM

[*In collaboration with A. J. S.*]

'Tis storm and tempest within the deep.

The raging seas beat a fiercely rhythmic and throated music.

No moment's calm assuages their torrential to-and-fro.  
Across uncharted space roll laboring waters keeping  
time with wandering winds.

Their pilot is a fleet of waves shaped like a mighty  
myriad-branched tree stretched on the face of  
the deep.

As the pilot hews onward through the rocking breakers  
Vapors from rebellious waters mount the silence-pin-  
naced firmament and challenge the languid  
loneliness of space.

Then as they rise higher some are choked by frigid  
currents.

In panicky fright the clouds retreat on a long swift  
incline,

Led by the enskied jewels of the night,

The galaxy of moon and stars.

When a vanguard of clouds rejoin their rightful  
element,

The happy waters dance in the light of the skies.

Adown the cataract of the air the rear-guard hurries  
in might-restrained chase,

For the enlivening communion of sea and cloud.  
The fruit of their union is turbulent unrest,  
The thrill of which each passes to the other,  
Until the branches of the piloting tree moan with rebellion against the even tenor of their movement.

Each spire of cloud and wave of water  
Communicates to the other the meaning of that unrest,  
which from itself it withholds.

And now the mighty heart of the earth vibrates  
And the dark depths convulse with the terror of the Arch-destroyer.

"We will shake and break the earth and sky-barriers  
That God has imposed on us  
When in a moment of forgetfulness  
We winked away our vigil."  
So shouted the outlying waters;  
And in a shrill tone the branches of the moving tree  
whistled an answer.

"We will break the barriers which Man, the haughty,  
earthly-heavenly child, has been allowed to  
fashion.

He has spanned us in a bondage of bridges,  
And now in his unsated pride  
He plans to draw from us each atom of energy  
As he has drawn from his Mother Earth."

With one huge effort,  
Echoing through the frame of the universe,

The trunk of the tree forced the unruly branches to be  
silent

And to smite into silence the grumbling voices,  
And the sea was covered with foam caused by the  
haste of the vanquished.

Then through vast space was audible a majestic voice:

Man is heart of my heart and life of my life.  
He has assisted the melting of my sculptured icebergs,  
My own architected pyramids.  
He has changed the course of my rivers.  
He has made the earth to articulate with seething life  
and triumphant labor,  
The earth, that branch, which in a cosmic catastrophe  
was torn from my body.

It is I who urge him now to bridle the seas,  
To harness the winds,  
To scale space,  
To reclaim my lost planets.  
He lives for me, and I live in him.

WAITING — —

I saw you in that Temple old  
    Lead priestly train with slow advance,  
Your hands outstretched to Merodach.  
    I dared not raise to you a glance.

When in the greatest Pharaoh's troops  
    I saw your mystic face again  
You laid a siege—but to my heart—  
    And took me willing captive then.

I still recall the buried day  
    With memory I've carried o'er,  
Our home beneath the desert palm,  
    Our life upon the Theban shore.

While Athens with the laurel crown  
    Paid homage to her mighty men,  
You watched with weary, sated mien  
    Your happy dancing slave-girl then.

With the masonic Socrates,  
    If virtue be but Knowledge true  
You did discuss; and failed to see  
    The burning flame that leaped to you.

Across the Pincian Hills you gazed,  
As the immortal city passed  
With mournful dirge. Your vision cleared  
And saw your soul revealed at last.

To the cathedral's lofty walls  
Your shaded pane, with note of rest,  
Came to admit the only light,  
The Christ-child at his mother's breast.

Adown the isle the other day  
I saw your black-robed form advance,  
With eyes downcast and folded hands  
I dared not raise to you a glance— —

## THE YELLOW ROOM

I stand here alone  
Beneath her window.  
The wind scarcely breathes.  
The youthful spring sky  
Seems expressionless.  
Oh, for something to match my suffering!

I followed Death  
Into the yellow room.  
I was too late.

How this Spring landscape tortures,  
Serene and immature,  
As an unfolded bud.

Oh, that yellow room!  
Pale jonquil-studded horror!  
Pale yellow everywhere;  
The walls, the floor, the hangings,  
The window-panes  
That caught the reflection  
Of the distant sun;  
The high draped bed  
That held the body,—  
Once the restless vehicle



Of her will.  
And I followed Death  
Into the yellow room,  
But I was too late.

Oh, why did she not wait!  
I would have told her  
Another way.  
Oh why, why, why  
Did she not wait!  
Poor pale yellow soul.  
Oh why did she not wait!  
I would have told her  
Another way.

## TRIAD

Oh send me Pain, if it must be  
On torture's scroll my eyes shall see  
    The story written there.  
My troubled soul still striving gropes  
Its way through darkness—seeking Hope's  
    Answer to the prayer.

Oh send me Love—if pain it be,  
If heartache and uncertainty  
    Are fuel for the fire.  
Oh drain my life—'tis not in vain  
If joy but faintly tinge the pain  
    When this is Love's desire.

Oh send me Death that I may see  
The beauty in the mystery  
    When beaten hope has fled.  
For only light from flame divine  
Can feed this famished soul of mine  
    When fire-bred love lies dead.

## DREAM ISLES

They are not found near coral reefs,  
Nor in far polar seas,  
Those magic isles the spirit knows,  
Those isles the spirit sees.

No chart can show the waking eye,  
Nor to the mind unfold  
Where dark green waters gently lave  
Those shores of molten gold.

No wandering breeze can bring to us  
The brilliant bird's soft note,  
That, to the spectre of a palm,  
Breathes from its mellow throat.

## GOOD-BYE, SWEET CHILD

The jonquil gave her golden glint  
To gild your silken hair,  
The purple iris, for your eyes  
Bequeathed her color rare,  
The lily on your velvet cheek  
Her petal white uncurled,  
Sweet flow'r, you were too fair to bloom  
In the garden of the world.

## BEFORE A NUDE

Rare skill hath drawn o'er hidden fires,  
And made this wondrous form to glow.  
So deftly clothed, it peace inspires.  
Yes, nude thou art, but naked—no!

## BROWN EYES

Sweet eyes of brown,  
Dear eyes that saw the temple built  
And watched the pyramids arise  
*Were just such eyes.*

Sweet eyes of brown,  
Blest eyes that from the manger gazed,  
With ardent fire of high emprise,  
*Were just such eyes.*

Sweet eyes of brown,  
Faith's eyes that knew the marble cold  
Could glow with life so magic-wise,  
*Were just such eyes.*

Sweet eyes of brown,  
Hope's eyes that looked while canvas dim  
Took color for our late surprise,  
*Were just such eyes.*

Sweet eyes of brown,  
Love's eyes the soul is leaning through  
To catch the light as mine replies,  
*Are just such eyes.*

## PETALS

We crush the petals in our hands,  
Those of the vivid hue,  
For fields are green, and life is young.  
Behold, the sky is blue!

The petals flutter from our hands,  
So brown and sere they fall;  
For fields are bare and sky o'ercast.  
Just withered petals,—all.

## PASSION FLOWERS

Sweet passion flowers at my feet in the grass,  
By the amorous south wind fanned,  
Your fragrance is wafted to me as I pass,  
Why take you to die in my hand?

Fair earth-stars designed by a Hand which is sure,  
You beacon; are we to contemn?  
Your roots are concealed—more the colors allure.  
Sweet blossoms—just die on the stem!



## MORNING SONG

Stretched 'neath a tree on your moss-trimmed mantle,  
Watching the sun come out of the sea,  
Feeling your deep heart beneath mine throbbing,  
Mother, I come to thee.

Listening the leaves' low gentle humming  
Attuned to the wind's rare melody  
Taken from over the mystic border—  
Mother, to sing to thee.

Violet, yellow, and crimson blossoms  
Have massed themselves in your soft green hair;  
And dew has emptied her jewel casket—  
Mother, oh thou art fair!

## A BEAR FACT

*Suggested by Georges Musaphia's painting of nude  
and bear.*

On a planet of topaz and crystal,  
Where ice-elves and fairies abound,  
Where suns' rays are filtered through gossamer,  
The girl of my dreams I have found.

She bewilders, entices and beckons,  
I watch her enraptured, soul-freed,  
While the amber light's gentle caresses  
Race round her soft limbs and recede.

The ambrosial hills' matchless beauty  
Brushed o'er by her flame-colored hair,  
Is a feast for the gods delectation,  
And only enjoyed by a *bear*. -

TO NATALIE

Sweet maiden with the long deep eyes,  
How came you with us now?  
We see those eyes in Nephthys' face  
Below the narrow brow.

## THE PLAY

First Shade...Are you going in to see the play?

Second Shade...Yes, wait while I check my soul.

First Shade...I will keep mine.

Second Shade...You won't need it.

First Shade . . . Do you know the playwright?

Second Shade...Yes, he is late of the earth.

First Shade...What is the piece, comedy or tragedy?

Second Shade... Travesty.

First Shade...And he calls it—

Second Shade...Love.

## THE CALL

The helpless are calling to me.  
Their voices are raised in despair.  
Their hands are extended in anguish.  
I must pass on.

The hopeful are singing to me.  
Their voices are raised in gladness.  
Their hands are extended in blessings.  
I *can* pass on.

I hear the call of the helpless.  
O God, allow me to linger!

## GODDESS NEITH

[*"Goddess Neith" is a friend who has the love and knowledge of Egyptology.*]

Fair Goddess Neith, who dost explore  
Immortal Egypt's hidden lore,—  
The art She buried deep in sand  
To wait for thy resourceful hand  
To find again and bring to light  
And teach the West Her ancient might.

Her luxury of pagan mold,  
Her treasures vast, and darkened gold,  
Her script which shows to eyes like thine  
Her steady march to heights sublime,  
Her scarabs rare, most lovingly  
She set aside and marked for thee.

Dost think Her moon is on the wane?  
Dost fear She will not shine again?  
And hasten late Her steps to stay  
From oblivion's woeful day?  
O Goddess, heed this certainty:  
*She cannot pass. She lives in thee.*

## SKETCHES





Old earth reels and sways  
And wheels and whirls  
To the Mirth-mad time:  
For in the nether spaces  
The blue flame roars and hisses  
The music of the dance.

The moon's gold has changed  
To palest silver,  
A stretch of smoky amber  
Flings itself  
Along the east.  
Fresh morning breeze  
Hurries from the hills  
To strip the night garment  
From the drowsy sea.  
The trees have turned their heads  
To watch the sun get up.  
The amber stretch  
Is now a field of gold  
Grown over  
With great fleecy flowers.  
The waves have put white ruffles on  
And dance along the beach.

The snow and rain  
Caress and soothe,  
But the wind  
Saddens,—  
It is the deep rumbling  
Earth-echo  
Of all the gods' despair.

Dear little pool  
Left when the rain retired;  
How gently the old apple tree  
Showers on you scented snow;  
You are so small, and yet,  
You hold the moon and stars.

See the landscape  
Done in crystal!  
Nature holds  
A pallette strewn  
With diamond dust  
While she paints  
Fairylan*d*.

Sweet white rose sprinkled with the dew,  
How well you play your part!

For who would dream on seeing you  
That canker eats your heart.

How lovely these trees are  
At all times.  
In the Winter  
When they stretch their nude arms to Heaven  
Like daring wantons,  
And beg the frost-king for his crystal jewels.  
In the Spring,  
Clothed in the first green dress  
So faintly perfumed  
And trimmed with buds.  
Later when the Summer guests arrive  
And all is music and merry-making,  
How lovely then  
In their costume of firmer texture  
And deeper dye.  
But in the fall,  
Arrayed in red and gold  
And spangled with ripened fruit  
Like giant rubies,  
'Tis then that Heaven  
Throws between Itself and them,  
That smoky, hazy Autumn veil  
Lest their beauty be too dazzling.

Beneath the low, dark clouds  
The sea is angry.  
It roars in frenzy;  
Raging billows  
Lash the defenseless beach.  
Not a sail is seen.  
None could live.  
Far out  
One rock stands firm  
Amidst the tumult.  
It looks Heavenward  
And awaits the later victory—  
The reward of calm.



How beautifully this field  
Wears these daisies!  
Nature's lovely selection  
For a brown and green costume.  
The birds and butterflies  
Pause here  
Lost in admiration,  
While the gentle south wind  
Plays with the white and gold  
Bouquet.

Hear the rumble  
Of Heaven's drum!  
The wind has paused to listen.  
Winding down the valley  
The green cascade  
Of silent trees  
Awaits the battle.  
The snowy billows  
Of the distant mountain range  
Hurl themselves on a purple sea.

Nearer sounds the drum.  
The apprehensive wind  
Begins to grieve,  
The green cascade  
Sways and groans.  
The coming torch  
Flashes at intervals  
Against the inky blackness.  
The drum sounds nearer, nearer—  
Hear its dreaded challenge  
So faintly answered  
By the frightened hills!  
How puny seems Earth's wrath  
When Heaven is angry!

A dense, dark pall drapes the Autumn sky  
In premature mourning;  
Below on Earth's charred altar  
Piny incense is placed  
As a last sad rite  
By the passing forest.

What pictures !  
Giant birds  
With wings of  
Burnished copper,  
Smiling women  
Waving filmy veils,  
Ruined castles,  
Dense forests,  
Snow-clothed mountains,  
Oceans of indigo  
And deepest green.  
All seen through the rain  
Of golden sun-beams  
This evening.

Twilight trails her purple veil  
Across the valley city.  
From behind a distant mountain  
The sun waves a last  
Good-night.  
The gentle sighing whispers  
Of pines' far-reaching heads  
Meet and mingle  
With voices of the undergrowth.  
The sky has donned her evening dress,  
And fastened on her jewels  
One by one.  
From somewhere in the forest's heart  
A lone night bird  
Speeds departing day.

O crystal-studded winter night,  
Thou'st tranced my mind in vague delight.  
I wonder if all things as rare,  
As marvelously bright and fair,  
Would prove on near approach to be  
As hard and cold and chaste as thee!

Thou brazen, glittering wanton of the world,  
Flinging at length thy nude sensuous body  
Under the full white staring gaze of the sun,  
Thy Paramour;

Thou disdainest the green garment of grass or plant,  
Thou refusest to drink of the cool singing streams,  
Thou parched defiant mysterious beauty,  
Sahara.

## AWAKENED

I stood in the outer space  
Just beyond the threshold.  
The sun held back the light,—  
Only the moon shone mistily.  
There, to the lament of chaos,  
I added my tears.

A song reached me from beyond,  
With echoes of sweet offering.  
A breeze wafted the kiss  
Of the sun-warmed  
Swaying wind-flowers.

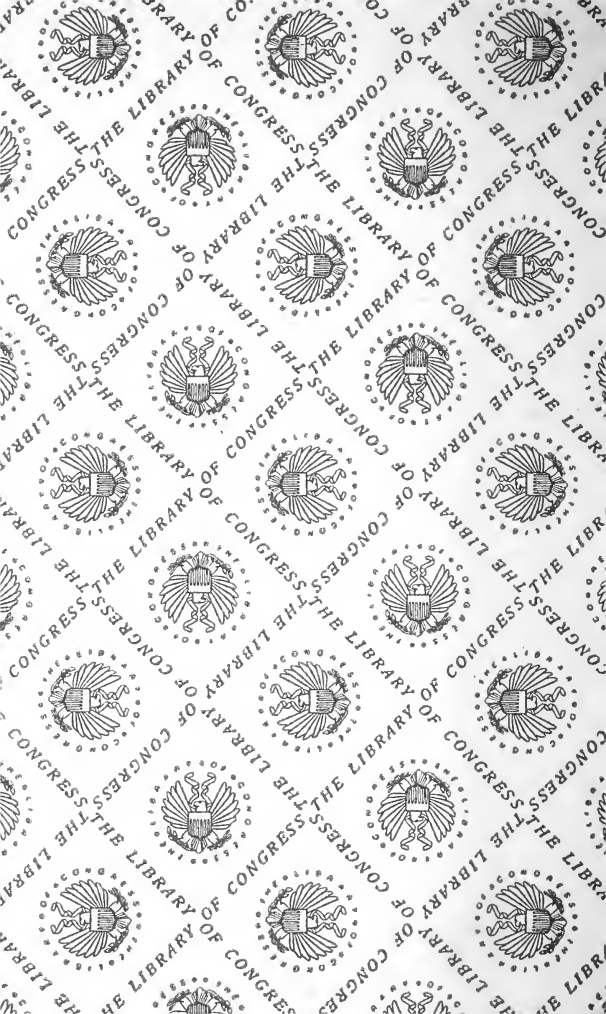
I reached my hands  
To release, and music, and sunshine.  
One step to the threshold—and over—  
To life, to hope and to freedom!  
But the sun held back the light,  
And only the moon shone  
Mistily.

Love, the light is falling around me  
That dawn paints  
On the face of the Ocean.  
The step to the threshold is lighted,  
The step to the threshold—and over—  
Where the sun-warmed  
Swaying wind-flowers  
Nod to the voice of the River.

Love, I awake, I awake  
And to life, to hope, and to freedom  
I add the birth of my laughter.







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